ROTHKYN

A Short Horror Novel

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“Some reflections are never yours”

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CHAPTER:1

(The First Disturbance)

It’s the 1st of January 2026. Muhammad goes to the market with Sufyan, Lateefat, and Noah. They go to a decoration shop to buy a few items because it is the New Year party tonight at Muhammad’s home.

When all his friends are standing in a corner of the shop, checking a disco lamp, Muhammad suddenly notices a basement room. Curious, he goes down, turns on the lights, and sees that there are many mirrors inside. But one of them is broken and placed in the corner of the basement.

Then a whisper comes from the mirror:

"Come to me… come to me…"

As Muhammad moves closer and touches it, he suddenly screams and faints.

All his friends hear his scream and rush to him. They find him unconscious and immediately take him to the hospital.

When he finally wakes up, he tells them everything. But no one believes him because Muhammad has already been a bit sick for the past few days. After the doctor discharges him, they go home and continue the party.

Now it is almost 2:30 AM. The party ended at 1 AM. Muhammad is alone at home, lying on his bed, thinking about what exactly happened in that basement.

When he touched the mirror, he went to another dimension,exactly like their world, the same shop, the same basement,but there was nothing except black smoke. He freezes after seeing it.

Suddenly, he hears footsteps on the second floor.

He is already scared, but still goes to check what is there. When he opens the door, the sound seems to be coming from there. He turns on the light, but the bulb is fused. He uses a torch to check, but due to

the darkness he cannot see anything. He thinks he is just tired and goes back to rest.

Next day, all the friends meet in the park. Muhammad does not tell anyone about last night. Suddenly Lateefat suggests going for a ride there, so everyone agrees,but Muhammad does not.

Then Sufyan thinks that maybe Muhammad was right about the mirror that night.

Sufyan: “Why don’t you go for a ride? Look, everyone is enjoying, but your face looks like an expired tomato.”

Muhammad: “Sufyan, you are my good friend among all of them. If I tell you something, will you believe me?”

Sufyan: “Obviously. Tell me what happened.”

Muhammad tells him everything……from the mirror incident to the strange events at home. Sufyan replies, “What you are saying is very strange. I’ll come to your house and check what is going on.”

Sufyan goes with Muhammad to his house to stay there and investigate everything.

At night, the same thing happens again. Muhammad realizes that what happened before was not a coincidence.

Both of them go upstairs near that room, turn on the torch, and check inside. As they open the door, they see something terrifying.

They see **silver shining eyes** of a creature.

As they turn back to run, the creature grabs Sufyan and locks him inside the room. Muhammad becomes confused but then remembers to recite holy verses from the Quran. Suddenly, the door bursts open with a loud roaring sound, and Sufyan screams for help.

Muhammad continues reciting without stopping. The creature disappears, and Sufyan is saved,but badly injured, with scratches on his back.

Both of them rush to their room, lock themselves in, and lie on the bed. They cannot sleep the whole night. In the morning, Sufyan goes home and rests but develops a high fever.

Now it is the 4th of January. Everything seems normal. Muhammad even forgets about the incident.

But the same day, he goes to the same shop to return the disco lights. There, he sees the mirror again. Everything becomes blurry, and he faints once more.

When he wakes up, he is in the hospital. All his friends are with him. He starts crying and explains everything that has been happening. Everyone is shocked.

Now Sufian tells them what happened to him.

On the 3rd of January, in the morning, his mom called him and told him that they were coming to his home that day. So Sufian went to the market and bought some food.

While he was cooking, everything was normal at first. But suddenly, when he turned toward the fridge, his food started burning on its own, and black smoke appeared. He could see it clearly.

“Why is all this happening to us?” Muhammad said.

“Remember that mirror, Muhammad? You touched it and fainted. I think it’s because of that,” Noah replied.

Lateefat agreed with him, and they all decided to go back to that shop. They took the mirror home with them.

Lateefat knew how to connect with these kinds of creatures using an Ouija board, but they didn’t have one. Noah said that he had one, so he went to his home and brought it back.

They decided to perform the ritual at 8 PM.

Lateefat explained all the rules of the Ouija board, and then they started the ritual.

While performing it, Muhammad suddenly became scared and opened his eyes. He screamed because he saw the creature there, and he was suddenly possessed.

He floated in the air and then suddenly fell down.

At first, his friends thought he was fine,but he wasn’t. He was still possessed.

He jumped over the wall and warned them:

“You all have only time till 28th of January. After that, no one will be alive.”

Then he left.

When Muhammad woke up, he asked what had happened. They told him everything.

It was Muhammad’s birthday on the 28th of January. Everyone was extremely scared, but they still had to stay there until sunrise, as per the Ouija board rules.

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CHAPTER 2: ROTHKYN

While everyone was sitting in the room, the mirror suddenly started to vibrate.

It was not strong at first, just a soft tremor, like something was breathing inside it. But within seconds, the vibration grew heavier and more violent, until even the wooden frame around it started shaking.

Everyone froze.

The air in the room changed completely. It did not feel normal anymore, as if something was pressing down on the room itself.

For a few seconds, no one spoke. No one even dared to move. Then slowly, one by one, they all stood up and walked toward the mirror, as if an invisible force was pulling them.

The reflection inside the glass began to change.

At first, it still showed them normally: Muhammad, Sufyan, Lateefat, and Noah. But behind their reflections, a dark shadow began to form. It was not clear or solid. It was just moving like smoke trapped behind glass.

Muhammad took a step back. His voice was low and nervous.

"Did… did you see that?"

No one answered.

Sufyan’s eyes were locked on the mirror. He stayed completely still, as if his body refused to move.

Inside the mirror, the smoke started spreading more. Slowly at first, then wider, as if it was learning how to fill the space inside.

Lateefat whispered, shaking with fear,

"It’s the same thing… from before."

The room felt tighter now, and the silence was heavy. Even their breathing felt loud and sharp, as if it did not belong there anymore.

Then……

Two silver eyes appeared inside the smoke.

They were sharp, bright, and not human.

They did not blink. They did not move. They just stared.

In that instant, everyone in the room felt the exact same thing: something was looking at them—not through the mirror, but directly at them.

The eyes disappeared.

And the mirror cracked.

But it did not crack normally. The crack did not start from the edges. It started from the inside, as if something had broken the glass from within.

A sharp sound echoed through the room.

Everyone stumbled back.

The vibration became violent now, shaking the entire frame, as if something inside was trying to force its way out.

Then the smoke began to leak.

Black, thick, unnatural smoke slowly pushed through the cracks in the mirror and fell into the room.

Muhammad tried to move, but his body felt heavy. His legs did not respond properly, as if the floor had become sticky.

The smoke did not spread randomly. It moved with a clear purpose. It crawled across the floor slowly, circling the room, as if it was searching for someone.

Then it stopped right in the center of the room.

The smoke began to rise. It did not move like normal smoke; it was forming a shape.

A tall figure appeared inside it. It was seven feet tall, shaped like a person, but definitely not human.

Rothkyn.

Its body was not solid. It was made entirely of smoke, constantly shifting, breaking apart, and forming again. Its arms were long and unnatural, and its fingers were thin and sharp like knives.

Then, its face formed.

Two silver eyes opened again. This time they were closer, stronger, and fully aware.

The temperature in the room dropped instantly.

The smoke around it moved as if it were alive, reacting to its presence.

When it spoke, the voice did not come from one place. It came from everywhere at once—from the walls, the mirror, the air, and even inside their heads.

"...you called me weak."

Silence.

No one moved. No one even breathed normally.

Rothkyn tilted its head slightly. Its eyes locked directly onto Muhammad.

In that moment, Muhammad felt something strange. It was not just fear, but control. Something was trying to push into his thoughts and slowly control his mind.

Rothkyn did not rush. It did not attack. It just observed.

Rothkyn did not need physical strength because it used manipulation. It could use fear, twist thoughts, enter the weak parts of a person's mind, and make them believe whatever it wanted.

But there was one strict rule about Rothkyn: **it could not lie about its name.**

In that deep silence, as the smoke grew thicker and the room felt like it was collapsing, Rothkyn spoke again, softer this time.

"...Rothkyn."

The moment it said its name, the mirror shattered a little more, as if the world itself hated hearing that name.

Then, everything went dark again.

The room fell into complete silence after Rothkyn spoke.

"...you are already inside."

No one moved. No one dared to breathe.

The smoke around Rothkyn slowly began to calm down, as if it had finished what it came to do.

Muhammad’s body was shaking. "What do you want from us…?" he whispered.

A long pause followed.

Then Rothkyn turned its head slightly toward all of them. Its silver eyes glowed faintly in the dark.

"...you broke the balance."

The air grew even colder.

The mirror behind it began to vibrate again, stronger this time, pulling the smoke back inside.

Rothkyn slowly started dissolving into smoke, but its presence did not disappear. It was still there, watching.

Before returning completely into the mirror, its voice echoed one last time through the room:

"28th January is not far."

Silence returned.

The smoke moved backward, slowly being pulled into the mirror by an invisible force. The cracks in the glass began to close again, piece by piece, as if nothing had happened.

And then… Rothkyn was gone.

Only the broken mirror remained.

In that silence, none of them felt safe anymore.

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CHAPTER 3: CHILDHOOD MISTAKE

The morning felt unusually quiet. The bright sunlight coming through the window should have brought relief, but instead it made the room feel even colder.

Muhammad slowly opened his eyes and looked around. His head was still hurting from the previous night. For a few seconds, he could not remember what had happened. Then the memories came rushing back—the Ouija board, the black smoke, Rothkyn, and the terrifying warning.

"28th January is not far."

Muhammad immediately sat up. Sufyan was resting against the wall, Noah was staring silently at the floor, and Lateefat was sitting beside the broken mirror, looking away from it. No one had the courage to go near it again.

The silence lasted for several minutes until Sufyan looked at the calendar hanging on the wall.

"It... it's the 5th of January."

Everyone looked at the date.

Twenty-three days. Only twenty-three days remained before the date Rothkyn had mentioned.

Noah broke the silence. "Do you guys actually think... we are going to die?"

No one answered.

Muhammad lowered his head. His hands were trembling.

"This is all because of me."

Lateefat looked at him. "What do you mean?"

Muhammad took a deep breath.

"Think about it. Everything started the moment I touched that mirror. Rothkyn looked only at me. It spoke to me. It said I broke the balance."

Sufyan nodded slowly.

"I've been thinking about that too."

Muhammad pressed both hands against his forehead. His mind felt heavy, as if a forgotten memory was trying to come back.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through his head. He closed his eyes.

Images flashed before his mind: Rain. Children laughing. An old building. A broken window. And... a mirror.

Muhammad's eyes opened instantly.

"Oh my God..."

Everyone looked at him.

"I remember..." His voice was weak. "I have seen that mirror before."

The room fell completely silent.

"It was years ago... when I was nine."

Without realizing it, Muhammad was reliving the memory.

It was the summer holidays. Muhammad and a few children from the neighborhood went to explore an abandoned building that everyone believed was haunted. The older people always warned them never to go inside, saying strange things had happened there years ago. But children rarely listen to warnings.

The building was dark, dusty, and filled with broken furniture. Every room looked the same until Muhammad found a staircase leading down to the basement.

His friends refused to follow him.

One of them shouted, "Muhammad, let's go! This place is creepy!"

But Muhammad just laughed. "Are you scared?"

He picked up a small stone from the floor and walked down the stairs alone.

At the end of the basement stood a large mirror covered in dust. Strange symbols were carved into its wooden frame, and beneath it hung a rusted metal plate.

Muhammad wiped away the dirt, and the words became clear:

DO NOT DAMAGE THE SEAL.

He frowned. "What kind of stupid warning is this?"

Thinking it was just an old prank, he smiled and threw the stone directly at the mirror.

CRACK!

A thin crack spread across the glass.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then, black smoke slowly escaped through the crack, and the basement became freezing cold.

Muhammad stepped back. The smoke twisted into the shape of a tall figure before disappearing again.

From somewhere inside the mirror came a whisper:

"...soon."

Muhammad panicked and ran upstairs as fast as he could. When his friends asked what happened, he simply laughed and said, "It was nothing."

He never told anyone about the mirror.

A week later, the abandoned building collapsed after a fire. Everyone believed everything inside was destroyed—including the mirror.

The memory ended.

Muhammad slowly opened his eyes. His face was completely pale.

"I remember everything."

Sufyan stared at him. "What happened?"

Muhammad looked toward the broken mirror standing silently in the corner.

"I broke it..."

"What?"

"I cracked the mirror when I was a child."

The room became silent once again.

Lateefat stood up. "So the seal was not broken this year."

"It started breaking years ago," Muhammad said, nodding slowly. "And when I touched the mirror again on New Year's Day..."

"...you finished what you started," Lateefat said.

Noah took a step back. "So all of this... is connected to your childhood mistake."

Muhammad could not argue. He knew it was true. His curiosity as a child had become everyone's nightmare.

Before anyone could speak again, the mirror suddenly made a sharp clicking sound. Everyone turned toward it.

The crack across the glass slowly grew longer on its own. A layer of black smoke spread behind the reflection.

Then, as if an invisible hand was writing on the glass, words slowly appeared:

YOU FINALLY REMEMBER.

The message disappeared, and another sentence replaced it:

NOW FIX WHAT YOU BROKE... IF YOU STILL CAN.

A deep laugh echoed from inside the mirror. It was not loud or angry—it was confident. Rothkyn knew they had finally discovered the truth.

And now... the countdown had truly begun.

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CHAPTER 4: THE BROKEN RITUAL

The deep laugh slowly faded away, but the words on the mirror remained:

"NOW FIX WHAT YOU BROKE... IF YOU STILL CAN."

No one dared to move. The room had become unnaturally cold, and the silence felt heavier than ever before. Muhammad stood frozen, staring at the mirror. After a few moments, the words slowly disappeared, and the mirror turned completely black. It was not showing a reflection or simple darkness; it was just empty.

Lateefat took a slow step back and looked at the others. "We don't have much time."

Muhammad finally looked away from the mirror. "Then tell us what we have to do."

Lateefat was silent for a moment before speaking. "My grandmother once told me about a ritual that could force a spirit back behind its seal. I never believed it was real... until now."

Sufyan immediately stood up. "Then why are we standing here? Let's do it."

Lateefat shook her head. "It isn't that simple."

She reached into her bag and carefully pulled out an old notebook. Its yellow pages looked fragile, filled with faded handwriting. She opened it carefully.

"There are four rules. If even one of them is broken... the ritual fails."

Noah swallowed nervously. "What are they?"

Lateefat looked down at the notebook and read each rule slowly:

"First... the ritual must begin exactly at midnight. Second... nobody can leave the circle. Third... nobody may answer any voice except the people inside the circle."

She stopped reading. The fourth rule was written in darker ink than the rest.

"...and if Rothkyn offers you anything... do not accept."

Silence filled the room. No one asked why; they already knew enough not to.

They spent the entire day preparing for the ritual. Every window in the house was covered, every mirror was removed except the broken one, and thirteen candles were placed around it exactly as described.

As the night grew darker, the clock slowly approached midnight.

11:58 PM.

11:59 PM.

12:00 AM.

Lateefat lit the final candle. The ritual had begun.

Everyone held hands as Lateefat closed her eyes and began reciting the ancient words written in the notebook. At first, nothing happened. Thirty seconds passed, then one full minute.

Suddenly, every candle bent toward the mirror at the exact same time.

A loud crack echoed throughout the house, and every light outside instantly went out. Darkness covered everything except the weak glow of the candles.

Muhammad suddenly felt someone standing directly behind him. Every instinct told him to turn around, but he remembered the second rule: *Nobody leaves the circle.* He stayed completely still.

Then he heard a voice:

"Muhammad..."

His eyes widened. It was his mother's voice—soft, familiar, and terrified.

"Please... help me..."

A tear rolled down Muhammad's face.

Without opening her eyes, Lateefat shouted, "Ignore it!"

The voice suddenly laughed. It was no longer his mother's voice; it had become something ancient and dangerous.

Before anyone could react, the broken mirror released thick black smoke. The smoke climbed toward the ceiling before slowly twisting into the shape they all feared.

Seven feet tall.

Made entirely of shifting black smoke.

Long knife-like fingers.

Silver eyes glowing through the darkness.

Rothkyn.

It stood silently, watching each of them as if deciding who would break first. Its body constantly shifted, never becoming completely solid.

Then... it smiled.

"You still believe you can imprison me?"

Its voice echoed through the walls, the floor, and even inside their minds. No one answered.

Rothkyn slowly walked around the circle. It never stepped inside—it did not need to. It simply watched them with complete confidence before stopping directly beside Noah.

"You have always been the weakest."

Noah squeezed his eyes shut. "I won't listen to you."

Rothkyn leaned closer. "You already are."

Suddenly, Noah's breathing became faster. His hands started shaking violently as he stared into the darkness beyond the candlelight.

"I... I can see someone..."

"Noah!" Sufyan shouted. "Don't look!"

But it was already too late. Noah slowly stood up.

Lateefat screamed, "Sit down! Don't break the circle!"

He did not respond. His eyes were completely empty, as if someone else had taken control of his body.

Muhammad grabbed him by the arm. "Noah!"

Noah slowly turned toward him. His voice was no longer his own.

"He says... he will let me live... if I let him in."

Muhammad's heart almost stopped. "He's lying!"

Rothkyn smiled. "I cannot lie about my name... but I never promised I couldn't lie about hope."

For one long moment, no one moved.

Then Noah smiled, but it was not his normal smile. Without warning, he stepped outside the circle.

Every candle went out.

Lateefat screamed, "No!"

The ritual had failed.

Everything happened within seconds. The entire room shook violently as cracks appeared across the walls. Every piece of glass inside the house shattered at once.

Black smoke rushed toward Noah like a violent storm. He tried to run, but his body refused to move. The smoke wrapped around him as he screamed louder than ever before.

His shadow slowly stretched across the floor, and then it separated from him. For one horrifying second, there were two Noahs: one was real, and the other was made entirely of black smoke.

Two silver eyes slowly opened inside the shadow. The smoky figure reached forward and gently placed its hand against Noah's chest.

There was no blood, no wound, and no physical violence. It simply... pulled.

Noah's body instantly collapsed onto the floor. His eyes remained open, but there was nothing left inside them.

The smoke slowly drifted back toward Rothkyn, becoming part of its body once again.

The creature looked at the others. "This is only the beginning."

Muhammad dropped to his knees beside Noah. His hands trembled as he desperately called his friend's name.

"Noah..."

There was no reply—only silence.

Rothkyn looked directly into Muhammad's eyes one final time.

"You wanted to fix your mistake. Now watch it grow."

Its body dissolved into thick black smoke before being pulled back into the mirror. The room fell silent once again. The only sound left was Muhammad crying beside Noah's lifeless body.

Slowly, new words appeared across the cracked mirror:

THREE REMAIN.

At that exact moment, every candle reignited by itself.

Outside, the calendar hanging in the hallway suddenly flipped forward on its own:

6th January.

Only twenty-two days remained.

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CHAPTER 5: THE FINAL NIGHT

After the tragedy with Noah on January 6th, life became an unbearable nightmare.

The days dragged on in complete horror. By **January 12th**, Sufyan, Lateefat, and Muhammad stopped going to school. They stayed locked inside Muhammad's house, desperately reading old notebooks and searching online for any way to stop the entity. Every time they looked at the empty chair where Noah used to sit, tears filled their eyes. The guilt was eating Muhammad alive.

By **January 18th**, the creature’s presence grew terrifyingly strong. Shadowy shapes moved across the walls during the day, and the temperature inside the house dropped below freezing every morning.

By **January 24th**, none of them could sleep. The cracked mirror in the corner whispered their names constantly, reminding them that time was running out.

Finally, the calendar turned to **January 27th**.

It was 11:30 PM. In just thirty minutes, midnight would arrive, bringing Muhammad’s birthday—and the final deadline Rothkyn had set.

The three friends sat on the cold floor, holding hands, staring at the broken mirror. Tears silently rolled down Lateefat’s face.

Sufyan’s voice trembled softly. "If we don't make it through tonight... I just want to say I'm sorry. We should have saved Noah."

Muhammad hugged his knees, sobbing uncontrollably. "This is all my fault. Noah is gone because of my childhood mistake. But tonight, I won't let it take either of you. I promise."

At 11:59 PM, every lightbulb in the house shattered at once, plunging the room into total darkness.

Then, the clock struck **12:00 AM**. It was now **January 28th**.

The broken mirror exploded, and a massive wave of thick black smoke flooded the room. The smoke rose and formed the terrifying seven-foot figure of Rothkyn. Its silver eyes burned with pure malice.

"The day has arrived, Muhammad. The balance must be paid."

Sufyan stepped in front of Muhammad, tears streaming down his face. "We are not letting you take him!"

Rothkyn smiled wickedly. Instead of attacking, the black smoke rushed directly into Sufyan’s mouth and eyes.

Sufyan screamed in agony as his body lifted into the air. His eyes turned completely silver, and dark veins spread across his face. Rothkyn had possessed Sufyan's body.

Controlled by the monster, Sufyan’s body attacked Muhammad, throwing him violently into the wall. Lateefat tried to help, but the dark magic pushed her back onto the floor, knocking her unconscious.

"Sufyan, please! Fight it!" Muhammad cried out, bleeding from his forehead.

Sufyan’s possessed hands reached for Muhammad's neck, choking him. But inside those glowing silver eyes, Muhammad could see Sufyan crying real human tears. Sufyan was fighting with everything he had from the inside.

"M-Muhammad..." Sufyan choked out in his own weak voice for a second. "Do... it... now..."

Muhammad looked down and saw the sharpest piece of the broken mirror on the floor. In its reflection, he could see the center of Rothkyn’s chest inside Sufyan’s body—where a glowing silver core was pulsing.

Rothkyn’s power is tied to its reflection.

With a heartbroken scream, Muhammad grabbed the sharp glass and slammed it straight into the glowing core inside the glass reflection.

A deafening, inhuman roar shook the entire house.

The dark smoke burst out of Sufyan’s body as Rothkyn was forced out. But as the smoke left, Sufyan’s body collapsed heavily onto the floor.

His breathing stopped completely. His heartbeat faded away.

Muhammad rushed to his side, pulling Sufyan into his arms. "Sufyan! No! No, please wake up! Open your eyes!"

Muhammad held Sufyan’s lifeless body tightly, weeping violently. "Please, God, take me instead! Don't take Sufyan too! I can't lose both of my best friends!"

Rothkyn’s smoky form hovered above them, laughing mockingly. *"He is gone, Muhammad. And now, you are next."*

Muhammad closed his eyes, holding Sufyan's cold hand, accepting his defeat.

Suddenly, a strange, warm **silver shine** appeared in the middle of the room.

It was not cold or evil like Rothkyn’s eyes. It was a beautiful, blinding light that filled the entire house with warmth.

The silver shine touched Sufyan’s chest. In an instant, Sufyan gasped loudly, taking a deep breath of air as life rushed back into his body! His heart started beating again.

"Sufyan?!" Muhammad gasped, crying tears of disbelief and joy.

The glowing silver shine then turned toward Rothkyn. The dark monster screamed in genuine terror as the light wrapped around its smoky body like chains.

"NO! NOT THAT LIGHT! NOT AGAIN!" Rothkyn shrieked.

The silver shine dragged Rothkyn backward, pulling the creature entirely out of our world and blasting it back into the shadowy realm where it belonged.

Once Rothkyn was gone, the mysterious silver light slowly dissolved into the air, disappearing completely.

Silence returned.

Lateefat woke up and rushed over. The three friends collapsed into a tight embrace on the floor, holding each other desperately, sobbing with deep relief.

"Is... is it really over?" Sufyan whispered weakly, resting his head on Muhammad’s shoulder.

Muhammad looked around at the destroyed room and the dust on the floor. "The light saved us... it sent Rothkyn back to his world. It's over. We survived."

They held each other tightly in the soft moonlight, mourning Noah, but deeply thankful for the miracle that had saved Sufyan's life. They truly believed the horror was finally behind them.

Late that night, after the police and ambulances had left, the house stood empty and quiet.

Deep in the basement, hidden under the dusty floorboards where no one had looked, a tiny shard of glass lay hidden in the dark.

Suddenly, a faint crack appeared across the surface of the tiny glass shard.

A thin trail of black smoke slowly seeped out from the crack, and a soft, terrifying whisper echoed in the dark basement:

"You think a mirror is the only door...?"

A faint silver glow flared inside the dark smoke, before everything went quiet once again.

END OF SEASON 1